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WHOLE NUMBER 121

All subscriptions must be sent to the COURIER office.

LICKING VALLEY COURIER.
Issued Thursday by
The Morgan County Publishing Co.
Terms—One Dollar a year in advance.
All communications should be addressed to the Editor.
Entered as second class matter April 7, 1910, at the post-office at West Liberty, Ky., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

H. G. COTTLE, Editor.

Democratic Ticket



FOR PRESIDENT
WOODROW WILSON.
FOR VICE-PRESIDENT
THOMAS R. MARSHALL.
FOR CONGRESS
W. J. FIELDS.
FOR APPELLATE JUDGE
C. C. TURNER.

The melancholy days have come;
What need us mortals care?
We'll miss the soda fountain some,
But the oyster is just as dear.

Mexico's best friends are advising it to be careful.

M. Vadrines has pushed the speed limit off the earth.

After all, New York needs a pennant worse than does Chicago.

Canada gets 175,000 Americans this year. In a century at that rate she will have the whole of us.

A good campaign button for Colonel Roosevelt would be a picture of Ananias done in Standard oil.

Man is weak. That is why he invests in a cantaloupe when he knows the chances are ten to one against him.

Never mind the prediction of that physician that there will be a generation without stomachs. It is just as well to proceed with a reduction of the cost of living.

When highwaymen bent on robbing a Kansas woman accidentally tickled her she laughed so much that they fled in terror, which only goes to show that laughter is better than tears any day.

The Taftites are wont to speak lightly of Roosevelt's candidacy, but it is very noticeable that when the Bull Moose sniffs the air and emits a snort they all take to the tall timber without further ado.

In the past forty years our Treasury has profited to the extent of \$200,000,000 in "seignorage" (the difference between the prices of billion and the face value of the coin.) Quite a little "high finance trust," as it were.

Suppose some ultra religionists of the antiquated school will now be saying that providence especially ordered the bumper corn crop this year when there is no stock to consume it, when every body knows that the 'shiners are the ones who will be most benefited.

"Mountain Dew" ought to be as cheap as ice water this winter.

President Taft's promise to reduce the tariff, in the event of his reelection is adding insult to injury. The president's veto of the various bills passed by the last congress in the interest of the common people stamps him either as the most pitifully incompetent officer, or else the most servile tool of the trusts that ever misgoverned the American people.

Our neighbor, the Paintsville Herald, believes in a good editorial page. So strong is that belief that almost weekly it uses one or more of the COURIER editorials, without credit, putting them up to its readers as original thought of the Herald's editor. We can't say that we are flattered at this recognition of the good things that fill these columns, but we would much prefer to be recognized as the daddy of our own thoughts than have them straying about, under foster parentage.

Never before in the history of any political campaign has there been a fight to compare in vindictiveness and seething arraignment to the one now going between a president of the United States on one hand and an ex-president of the same country on the other hand.

If the half that Taft and Teddy have already told on each other be true (and no one will be so presumptuous as to dispute the word of such illustrious personages) then neither of them should ever again be trusted to preside over the destinies of a free people.

Again we are asked the question: "Why don't the town board publish a statement of its fiscal affairs?" We have about concluded that it should be done ourselves. Heretofore we have said but little about it, but our taxes are something fierce and the people ought to be shown how much money has been collected and how it has been expended, and also if there are any delinquents on the tax list, and if so, why? Some of us pay our taxes regularly and promptly. Do all others do the same? Give us a published statement of those things and let all have a chance to know.

Amid the din and confusion of the battle between the big men let us Democrats not forget that we have a congressman to elect from the 9th district, and a fighting chance to elect an Appellate Judge from the 7th Appellate district.

While we do not concede that Hon. W. J. Fields is in any danger we ought to see to it that every Democrat goes to the polls and casts his vote and if Judge Blakey can kick up enough dust around the bull moose ranch to obscure the vision of Judge Kirk we might perchance land Hon. C. C. Turner on the appellate bench. Let us not throw away a single chance.

Improvement goes on apace in Morgan county. It would be hard to find a county in Eastern Kentucky that has experienced a more healthful growth or a more general prosperity for the last ten years than Morgan. Notwithstanding the drought and consequent shortage of crops in 1911 our farmers are prosperous and happy. The bumper crops this year have infused new life and more enthusiasm into all classes of business men. Our merchants report trade good and tradesmen are scouring the county for all kinds of stock. There is work for all who will and wages are satisfactory, and he who jangles not the dollar in his jeans has simply set on the proverbial "goods box" and let it roll by.

Let a young man don a decent suit of clothes and curry the witch-stirrups out of his hair and some envious person is ready to call him a dude.

Good clothes and a neat appearance are a sign of thrift and the ordinarily well dressed man is as far removed from the dude—the genuine article—as were the Lilliputians from the Brobdingnagians. A dude, proper, is a parody on God's masterpiece; a variety of the genus homo which is tolerated by society but not liked nor loved by anyone. The dude is the vermiform appendix of our social system. The most eminent sociologists have been unable to discover his function. But we people of Morgan county have seen but little of him—have been pestered but little by the parasite. In fact most of us would have to be told what it was were we to meet one in the road.

Now that a good oil well has been drilled in at Cannel City it remains to be seen whether or not some men, who are afraid that someone else will make a dollar, will retard development by holding back and refusing to lease their land when active operations depend upon their action. No sane man nor set of men, are going to drill a well in a territory where there is a chance for another company to step right into the middle of his territory and sink a well, in the event that oil has previously been found. Such tactics as those above referred to have kept capital out of this county once before. If there is oil under your land it is not worth a tinkers dam to you until it is pumped from the earth. You are not going to do this yourself—you can't. Then why not give some one else a chance and reap part of the benefits while you live. Oil is not the thing you are looking for after you are dead.

If there is oil under your holdings you would like to know it. If there is not you are not hurt by letting someone else spend their money prospecting for it. What you have been paid for your lease and rentals is net gain to you, then why not give the fellow who is in the business a chance?

GUMPTION
Which is Common Sense without Educational Furbelows.
BY L. T. HOVERMALE.

Between Drinks.

Because her husband hugged her too often a Texas woman is suing for a divorce. This opens for debate the question: "How often should a married woman be hugged?"—Exchange.

But more important should be the amendment, "by her own hubby."

Up at Grayslake, Ill., (wherever that is) there is a man who bears the euphonious cognomen of William Ellis, and he is proud of it, judging from the way he he thick-spaces it out to reach across the page of the little paper he publishes and which he calls the "Searchlight." We have been receiving two copies of the little thing and even the cursory scanning that we have given convinces us that the wail of "Little Willie" is indeed the Macedonian cry. My friend William needs to search for light more than any man I have heard of recently, President Taft and Stanley Wood not excepted.

"Little Willie" is one of the few men in this great nation who publicly avows that he is a "standpatter," and the extreme loneliness of his position has put bats in his belfry and he is constantly bellyaching lest the country go to the demnation bow-works because it will not listen him. His liver is out of order and he sees green. He pours out his bile on creation in general and the Socialists in particular. His pet grievance is that the socialist Appeal to Reason has more than a million subscribers while the Searchlight has only a few hundred. Willie, I'm sorry for you, and if you will lean closer and listen attentively I will whisper to you the secret that has caused the COURIER to spread like a green bay tree until it acknowledges no superior in point of circulation and influence, excepting only that excellent and frequently quoted journal, Exchange. It's this: a newspaper or other periodical to be well received by the people must be the product of brains. That is the only thing that seems wanting in the Searchlight.

Now, Willie, Atlas has the job of supporting the earth on his shoulders. It's too big for you. And don't let the fact that the people are repudiating the republican party trouble your soul; it is but the natural result of the growing intelligence of the people, and when you exchange your bile for brains you will let go of it, too.

Some Eastern M. Ds. have

revived the "germ-agitation" against kissing and promise dire results to those who indulge in osculatory joys. But who will heed them? What young man, when a pair of bewitching red lips are turned up invitingly to him, will believe that lurking germs await to seize him? Any way, we'll all take the chances on it. I have often wondered how the old time doctors managed to get along without all of the new-fangled germs they make people sick with now-a-days, and I want it distinctly understood that I'm not afraid of any germ that abides on a pretty pair of lips.

Archaeologists have unearthed from the buried cities of Tarkhan and Heliopolis linen that is 6,000 years old. Bully for those archaeologists. If they will discover the method of manufacturing linen that will last for 6,000 years, the country editor who can acquire two shirts will call them blessed.

And again, everything seems to be working for the betterment of the country editor's lot. One scientist is now claiming that we will soon have the "pneumatic man"—that we will draw all our sustenance from the air. Another learned savant tell us that we may dispense with stomachs after awhile, which listens good to us at the present prices of grub. With linen garments guaranteed to wear 6,000 years, or nearly Spencer Cooper's age, and the power to breathe in food and drink, what a "sassy" bunch the rural editors would be—if Rockefeller didn't get a monopoly on the air.

But there is always a fly in the ointment. A pesky inventor is out with a "baby incubator." That's just a little bit too much progress. Men! up and at this pernicious thing! Smite it, hip and thigh! There are some of our rights and privileges that must not be tampered with. The old way is good enough in some things.

We want to compliment our friend, L. T. Hovermale, who is now associated with the West Liberty Courier, on the gumption of his "Gumption." Lon drifts on with most every breeze, but his excellent writing is worth every dollar he bags for it. This drink's to you, sir, and may your peerless pen keep penning.—Hazel Green Herald.

A word of praise from Spencer Cooper, who has for twenty-seven years made the Herald such a model of country journalism that Max O'Rell, a French writer, mentions it in his book on America, is something to be appreciated. But, Spencer, "on the dead," I think I'm anchored at West Liberty. If some one of the pretty damsels here will softly whisper "yes" you couldn't pull me away with a windlass.

Look at D. R. Keeton's big line of Post Cards. Comic, Kentucky Scenery and West Liberty's most noted views.

For the best fine shoes that a lady ever wore accept nothing but a "Selby" it is the standard for every work, found only at C. W. Womack's.

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If you knew of the real value of Chamberlain's Liniment for lame back, soreness of the muscles, sprains and rheumatism pains you would never wish to be without it. For sale by all dealers.

Do you not think it is to your advantage to buy of a merchant who visits the markets several times each year. He shows you the latest styles and most dependable goods. Moral, C. W. Womack fills the above requirements.

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Master Commissioners' Sale.

Morgan Circuit Court.
Allen N. Cisco Adm'r, Ex'r, Plaintiff
vs
Notice of Sale. Defendants
Coliza Helton & Co.
Under and by virtue of a judgement and order of sale of the Morgan Circuit Court, rendered at its June term, 1911, at about the hour of one o'clock p. m., I will at the front door of the court house in the town of West Liberty, Kentucky, on Monday October 14th 1912, it being county court day, expose for sale at public outcry, to the highest and best bidder, on a credit of six months, the property mentioned in the judgment to wit:
The two following tracts or parcels of land situate, lying and being in Morgan County, Kentucky, on the right hand fork of Lacy Creek, a tributary of Licking River, and bounded and described as follows:
FIRST TRACT—Beginning at the creek on a stone; then with the creek up to Anthony Lowe's line; then up the hill with his line to the top to Patton Cisco's line; then with his line to the branch; then down the branch to the beginning, containing 35 acres, more or less.
SECOND TRACT—Beginning on a stone marked "A" then up the point to Riley Patton's line then with Riley Patton's line to S. O. Brown's line; then with T. N. Nickel's line to H. F. Cisco's line; then to G. P. Cisco's line and with his line to a double chestnut oak, a corner between Coliza Helton and Sylvester Helton; then a straight line down the hill to a hickory on the bank of the branch; then down the branch with its meanders to the beginning, containing 75 acres more or less.
The purchaser will be required to execute bond with approved personal security bearing 6 per cent interest from day of sale to have the force of a replevin bond, said bond will be made payable to the undersigned Master Commissioner of Morgan Circuit Court. So much of said property will be sold as will produce the sum of \$536.49 so ordered to be made.
1203 Jt. S. R. COLLIER, M. C. M. C. C.

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BURNING DAYLIGHT

BY JACK LONDON

AUTHOR OF "THE CALL OF THE WILD," "WHITE FANG," "MARTIN EDEN," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY DEARBORN MEYER

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SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I.—Elam Harnish, known all through Alaska as "Burning Daylight," celebrates his 30th birthday. A friendly crowd of miners at the Circle City Hotel. He is a general favorite, a hero and a pioneer in the gold fields. The dance leads to heavy gambling in which over \$100,000 is staked. Harnish loses his money and his mine but wins the mail contract of the district.

CHAPTER II.—Burning Daylight starts on his trip to deliver the mail with dogs and sledges. He tells his friends that the big Yukon gold strike will soon be on, and he intends to be in it to the start. With Indian attendants and dogs, he slips over the bank and down the frozen Yukon and in the gray light is gone.

CHAPTER III.—Harnish makes a sensational rapid run across country with the mail. He appears at the Circle City Hotel, a hero and a pioneer in the gold fields. He has made a record against cold and exhaustion and is now ready to join his friends in a dash to the new gold fields.

CHAPTER IV.—Harnish decides where the gold will be found in the up-river district and buys two tons of flour, which he declares will be worth its weight in gold before the season is over.

CHAPTER V.—When Daylight arrives with his heavy load of flour, he is the big fat desolate. A comrade discovers gold and Harnish reaps a rich harvest. He goes to Dawson, buying and investing in corner lots and staking other miners and becomes the most prominent figure in the Klondike.

CHAPTER VI.—Harnish makes fortune after fortune. One lucky investment enables him to defeat a great combination of capitalists in a vast mining enterprise. He determines to return to civilization and give a farewell celebration to his friends that is remembered as a kind of blaze of glory.

CHAPTER VII.—The papers are full of "The King of the Klondike," and Daylight is feted by the money magnates of the country. They take him into the copper deal and the Alaskan pioneer finds himself amid the bewildering complications of high finance.

CHAPTER VIII.—Daylight is lured by the moneyed men and finds that he has been led to invest his eleven millions in a manipulated scheme. He goes to meet his disloyal business partners at their offices in New York City.

CHAPTER IX.—Confronting his partners with a revolver, Harnish, in a frontier style, he threatens to kill them if his money is not returned. They are cowed into submission, return their stakings and Harnish goes back to San Francisco with his unimpaired fortune.

CHAPTER X.—Daylight meets his fate in Deke Mason, a pretty stenographer with a crippled brother, whom she cares for. Harnish is much attracted toward her and interested in her family affairs.

CHAPTER XI.

Daylight was in the thick of his spectacular and intensely bitter fight with the Coastwise Steam Navigation Company, and the Hawaiian, Nicaraguan, and Pacific-Mexican Steamship Company. He stirred up a bigger muss than he had anticipated, and even he was astounded at the wide ramifications of the struggle and at the unexpected and inconceivable interests that were drawn into it. Every newspaper in San Francisco turned upon him. It was true, one or two of them had first intimated that they were open to subordination, but Daylight's judgment was that the situation did not warrant such expenditure. Up to this time the press had been amusingly tolerant and good-naturedly sensational about him, but now he was to learn what virulent scurrilousness an antagonized press was capable of. Every episode of his life was resurrected to serve as foundations for malicious fabrications. Daylight was frankly amazed at the new interpretation put upon all that he had accomplished and the deeds he had done. From an Alaskan hero he was metamorphosed into an Alaskan bully, liar, desperado, and all-around "bad man." The whole affair sank to the deeper depths of rancor and savagery. The poor woman who had killed herself was dragged out of her grave and paraded on thousands of reams of paper as a martyr and a victim to Daylight's, ferocious brutality.

He was like a big bear raiding a beehive, and, regardless of the stings, he obstinately persisted in pawing for the honey. He gnawed his teeth and struck back, beginning with a raid on two steamship companies, it developed into a pitched battle with a city, state and continental coast line. Alid with him, on a splendid salary, with princely pickings thrown in, was a lawyer, Larry Hegon, a young Irishman with a reputation to make, and whose peculiar genius had been unrecognized until Daylight had picked up with him. It was Hegon who guided Daylight through the intricacies of modern politics, labor organization, and commercial and corporation law. It was Hegon, prolific of resource and suggestion, who opened Daylight's eyes to undreamed-of possibilities in twentieth-century warfare; and it was Daylight, rejecting, accepting, and elaborating, who planned the campaigns and prosecuted them. With the Pacific coast, from Puget Sound to Panama, buzzing and humming, and with San Francisco furiously about his ears, the two big steamship companies had all the appearance of winning. It looked as if Burning Daylight was being beaten slowly by his knees. And then he struck—at the steamship companies, at San Francisco, at the whole Pacific coast.

It was not much of a blow at first. A Christian Endeavor convention was being held in San Francisco, a row was started by Express Drivers' Union No. 927 over the handling of a small heap of baggage at Ferry Building. A few heads were broken, a score of arrests made, and the baggage was delivered. No one would have guessed that behind this petty wrangle was the fine Irish hand of Hegon, made potent by the Klondike gold of Burning Daylight. It was an insignificant affair at best—or so it seemed. But the Teamsters' Union took up the quarrel, backed by the whole Water Front Federation. Step by step, the



"It Sure Beats Country Places and Bungalows at Menlo Park," He Commenced Aboard.

zation known as the Pacific Slope Seaman's Union refused to work vessels of the Seamen's Union were to be handled by scab longshoremen and freight handlers. The union presented its ultimatum, and then called a strike. This had been Daylight's objective all the time. Every incoming coastwise vessel was boarded by the union officials and its crew sent ashore. And with the seamen went the firemen, the engineers and the sea cooks and waiters. Daily the number of idle seamen increased. It was impossible to get scab crews, for the men of the Seamen's Union were fighters trained in the hard school of the sea, and when they went out it meant blood and death to scabs. This phase of the strike spread up and down the entire Pacific coast, until all the ports were filled with idle ships, and sea transportation was at a standstill. The days and weeks dragged out, and the strike held. The Coastwise Steam Navigation Company and the Hawaiian, Nicaraguan, and Pacific-Mexican Steamship Company were tied up completely. The expenses of combating the strike were tremendous, and they were earning nothing, while daily the situation went from bad to worse, until "peace at any price" became the cry. And still there was no peace, until Daylight and his allies played out their hand, raked in the winnings, and allowed a goodly portion of a continent to resume business.

Daylight's coming to civilization had not improved him. True, he wore better clothes, had learned slightly better manners, and spoke better English. But he had hardened, and at the expense of his old-time wholesome geniality. Even his human affiliations were descending. Playing a lone hand, contemptuous of most of the men with whom he played, lacking in sympathy or understanding of them, and certainly independent of them, he found little in common with those to be encountered, say at the Alta-Pacific. In point of fact, when the battle with the steamship companies was at its height and his raid was inflicting incalculable damage on all business interests, he had been asked to resign from the Alta-Pacific. The idea had been rather to his liking, and he had found new quarters in clubs like the Riverside, organized and practically maintained by the city bosses.

One week-end, feeling heavy and depressed and tired of the city and its ways, he obeyed the impulse of a whim that was later to play an important part in his life. The desire to get out of the city for a whiff of country air and for a change of scene was the cause. Yet, to himself, he made the excuse of going to Glen Ellen for the purpose of inspecting a brickyard which Holdworthy had sold him. He spent the night in the little country hotel, and on Sunday morning, astride a saddle horse rented from the Glen Ellen butcher, rode out of the village. The brickyard was close at hand on the flat beside the Sonoma Creek.

Resolving to have his fun first, and to look over the brickyard afterward, he rode up the hill, prospecting for a way across country to get to the knolls. He left the country road at the first gate he came to and cantered through a hayfield. The grain was waist-high on either side the wagon-road, and he sniffed the warm aroma of it with delighted nostrils. At the base of the knolls he encountered a tumble-down stake-and-rider fence.

He tethered the horse and wandered on foot among the knolls. Their tops were crowned with century-old spruce trees, and their sides clothed with oaks and madroños and native holly. But to the perfect redwoods belonged the small but deep canyon that threaded its way among the knolls.

Here he found no passage out for his horse, and leading the animal, he forced his way up the hillside. On the crest he came through an amazing thicket of velvet-trunked young madroños, and emerged on an open hillside that led down into a tiny valley. The sunshine was at first dazzling in its brightness, and he paused and rested. Not of old had he known shortness of breath such as this, and muscles that so easily tired at a stiff climb. A tiny stream ran down the tiny valley through a tiny meadow that was carpeted knee-high with grass and blue and white nemophila.

Crossing the stream, Daylight followed a faint cattle trail over a low, rocky hill and through a wine-wooded forest of manzanita, and emerged upon another tiny valley, down which filtered another spring-fed, meadow-bordered streamlet.

"It sure beats country places and bungalows at Menlo Park," he commenced aloud; "and if ever I get the banking for country life, it's me for this every time."

An old wood-road led him to a clearing, where a dozen acres of grapes grew on vine-covered hills. A cow-path, more trees and thickets, and he dropped down a hillside to the southeast exposure. Here, poised above a big forested canyon, and looking out upon Sonoma Valley, was a small farmhouse. With its barn and outbuildings it snuggled into a nook in the hillside, which protected it from the west and north. It was the erosion from this hillside, he judged, that had formed the little level stretch of vegetable garden. The soil was fat and black, and here and there in plenty, for he saw several faucets running wide open. Forgotten was the brickyard. Nobody was at home, but Daylight dismounted and ranged the vegetable garden, eating strawberries and green peas, inspecting the old adobe barn and rusty plow and harrow, and rolling and smoking cigarettes while he watched the antics of several broods of young chicks and the mother hens.

Nothing could satisfy his holiday spirit. Now he ascended Sonoma Mountain, and here on the crest, three hours afterward, he emerged, tired and sweaty, garments torn and face and hands scratched, but with sparkling eyes and an unwonted zestfulness of expression. He felt the illicit pleasure of a schoolboy playing truant. The big gaming table of San Francisco seemed very far away. But there was more than illicit pleasure in his mood. It was as though he were going through a sort of cleansing bath. No room here for all the sordidness, meaness and viciousness that filled the dirty pool of city existence. He was loath to depart, and it was not for an hour that he was able to tear himself away and take the descent of the mountain. Working out a new route just for the fun of it, late afternoon was upon him when he arrived back at the wooded knolls.

Daylight cast about for a trail, and found one leading down the side opposite to his ascent. Circling the base of the knoll, he picked up with his horse and rode on to the farmhouse. Smoke was rising from the chimney, and he was quickly in conversation with a nervous, slender young man, who, he learned, was only a tenant on the ranch. How large was it? A matter of one hundred and eighty acres, though it seemed much larger. This was because it was so irregularly shaped. Yes, it included the clay-pit and all the knolls, and its boundary that ran along the big canyon was over a mile long. Oh, yes, he and his wife managed to scratch



A Sudden Envy of This Young Fellow Came Over Daylight.

a living without working too hard. They didn't have to pay much rent. Hillard, the owner, depended on the income from the clay-pit. Hillard was well off and had big ranches and vineyards down on the flat of the valley. The brickyard paid ten cents a cubic yard for the clay. As for the rest of the ranch, the land was good in patches, where it was cleared, like the vegetable garden and the vineyard, but the rest of it was too much up-and-down.

"You're not a farmer," Daylight said.

The young man laughed and shook his head.

"No, I'm a telegraph operator. But the wife and I decided to take a two years' vacation, and . . . here we are. But the time's about up. I'm going back into the office this fall after I get the grapes off."

As Daylight listened, there came to him a sudden envy of this young fellow living right in the midst of all this which Daylight had traveled through the last few hours.

"What in thunder are you going back to the telegraph office for?" he demanded.

The young man smiled with a certain wistfulness.

"Because we can't get ahead here. . . . (he hesitated an instant), and because there are added expenses coming. The rent, small as it is, counts; and besides, I'm not strong enough to effectively farm the place. If I owned it, or if I were a real husky like you, I'd ask nothing better. Nor would the wife." Again the wistful smile hovered on his face. "You see, we're country born, and after

buckling with cities for a few years, we kind of feel we like the country best. We've planned to get ahead, though, and then some day we'll buy a patch of land and stay with it."

Daylight could not persuade himself to keep to the traveled roads that day, and another cut across country to Glen Ellen brought him upon a canyon that so blocked his way that he was glad to follow a friendly cow-path. This led him to a small frame cabin. The doors and windows were open, and a cat was nuzzling a litter of kittens in the doorway, but no one seemed at home. He descended the trail that evidently crossed the canyon. Part way down, he met an old man coming up through the sunset. In his hand he carried a pail of foamy milk. He wore no hat, and in his face, framed with snow-white hair and beard, was the ruddy glow and content of the evening of a summer day. Daylight thought that he had never seen so contented looking a being.

"How old are you, daddy?" he queried.

"Eighty-four," was the reply. "Yes, sirree, eighty-four, and spryer than most."

"You must a' taken good care of yourself," Daylight suggested.

"I don't know about that. I ain't loaded none. I walked across the plains with an ox team and six Indians in '61, and I was a family man with seven youngsters. I reckon I was as old then as you are now, or pretty high on to it."

"Don't you find it lonely here?"

"The old man shifted the pail of milk and reflected.

"That all depends," he said oracularly. "I ain't never been lonely except when the old wife died. Some fellers are lonely in a crowd, and I'm one of them. That's the only time I'm lonely, is when I go to 'Prisco. But I don't go no more, thank you 'most to death. This is good enough for me. I've been right here in this valley since '64—one of the first settlers after the Spaniards."

The old man chuckled, and Daylight rode on, smiling at peace with himself and all the world. It seemed that the old contentment of trail and camp he had known on the Yukon had come back to him. He could not shake from his eyes the picture of the old pioneer coming up the trail through the sunset light. He was certainly going some for eighty-four. The thought of following his example entered Daylight's mind, but the big game of San Francisco vetoed the idea.

CHAPTER XII.

Instead of returning to the city on Monday, Daylight rented the butcher's horse for another day and crossed the bed of the valley to its eastern hills. As on the previous day, just for the joy of it, he followed cattle-trails at haphazard and worked his way up toward the summits. Coming out upon a wagon road that led upward, he followed it for several miles, emerging in a small, mountain-encircled valley, where half a dozen poor ranchers farmed the vine-grapes as the steep slopes. Beyond the road pitched upward. Dense chaparral covered the exposed hillside, but in the creases of the canyons huge spruce trees grew, and wild oats and flowers.

Late in the afternoon he broke through, and followed a well-defined trail down a dry canyon. The dry canyon gave place to one with a slender ribbon of running water. The trail ran into a wood-road, and the wood-road emerged across a small flat upon a slightly traveled country road. There were no farms in this immediate section, and no houses. The soil was meager, the bed-rock either close to the surface or constituting the surface itself. Manzanita and scrub-oak, however, flourished and walled the road on either side with a jungle growth. And out a runway through this growth a man suddenly scuttled in a way that reminded Daylight of a rabbit.

He was a little man, in patched overalls; bareheaded, with a cotton shirt open at the throat and down the chest. The sun was ruddy-brown in his face, and by it his sandy hair was bleached on the ends to peroxide blonde. He signed to Daylight to halt, and held up a letter.

"If you're going to town, I'd be obliged if you mail this," he said.

"I sure will," Daylight put it into his coat pocket. "Do you live hereabouts, stranger?"

But the little man did not answer. He was gazing at Daylight in a surprised and steadfast fashion.

"I know you," the little man announced. "You're Elam Harnish—Burning Daylight, the papers call you. Am I right?"

Daylight nodded.

"Well, I'm glad I wrote that letter this afternoon," the little man went on, "or else I'd have missed seeing you. I've seen your photo in the papers many a time, and I've a good memory for faces. I recognized you at once. My name's Ferguson."

"Do you live hereabouts?" Daylight repeated his query.

"Oh, yes. I've got a little shack back here in the bush a hundred yards and a pretty spring, and a few fruit trees and berry bushes. Come in and take a look. And that spring is a dandy. You never tasted water-like it. Come in and try it."

Walking and leading his horse, Daylight followed the quick-stepping, eager little man through the green tunnel and emerged abruptly upon the clearing. It clearing it might be called, where wild nature and man's earthscratching were inextricably blended. It was a tiny nook in the hills, protected by the steep walls of a canyon mouth. Here were several large oaks, evidencing a richer soil. The erosion of ages from the hillside had slowly formed this deposit of fat earth. Under the oaks, almost buried in them, stood a rough, unpainted cabin, the wide veranda of which, with chairs and hammocks, advertised an out-of-doors bedchamber. Daylight's keen eyes took in everything. The clearing was irregular, following the patches of the best soil, and every fruit tree and berry bush, and even each vegetable plant, had the water personally conducted to it. The tiny irrigation channels were everywhere, and signs some of them the water was running. Ferguson looked eagerly into his visitor's face for signs of approbation.

"What do you think of it, eh?"

"Hand-reared and manured, every blessed tree," Daylight laughed, but the joy and satisfaction that shone in his eyes contented the little man.

"Why, d'y'e know, I know every one of those trees as if they were sons of mine. I planted them, nursed them, fed them, and brought them up. Come on and peep at the spring."

"It's sure a hummer," was Daylight's verdict, after due inspection and sampling, as they turned back for the house.

The interior was a surprise. The cooking being done in the small, lean-to kitchen, the whole cabin formed a large living-room. A great table in the middle was comfortably littered with books and magazines. All the available wall space, from wall to ceiling, was occupied by filled bookshelves. It seemed to Daylight that he had never seen so many books assembled in one place. Skins of wildcat, coon and deer lay about on the pine-board floor.

Daylight found himself charmed and made curious by the little man. Why was he hiding away here in the chaparral, he and his books? So it was, when between them they had washed and wiped the dishes and put them away, and had settled down to a comfortable smoke, that Daylight put his question.

"Look here, Ferguson. Every since we got together, I've been casting about to find out what's wrong with you, to locate a screw loose somewhere, but I'll be damned if I've succeeded. What are you doing here, anyway?"

Ferguson frankly showed his pleasure at the questions.

"First of all," he began, "the doctors wound up by losing all hope for me. Gave me a few months at best, and that, after a course in sanitariums and a trip to Europe and another to Hawaii. They tried electricity and forced feeding and fasting. I was a graduate of about everything in the curriculum. They kept me poor with their bills, while I went from bad to worse. The trouble with me was twofold; first I was a born weakling; and next, I was living unnaturally—too much work, and responsibility, and strain. I was managing editor of the Times-Tribune in San Francisco, and I wasn't strong enough for the strain. Of course my body went back on me, and my mind, too, for that matter. It had to be bolstered up with whisky, which wasn't good for it any more than was the living in clubs and hotels good for my stomach and the rest of me. So I quit, quit everything, absolutely, and came to live in the Valley of the Moon—that's the Indian name, you know, for Sonoma Valley. I lived in the lean-to the first year; then I built the cabin and that for my books. I never knew what happiness was before, nor health. Look at me now and dare to tell me that I look forty-seven."

"I wouldn't give a day over forty," Daylight confessed.

"Yet the day I came here I looked nearer sixty, and that was fifteen years ago."

They talked along, and Daylight looked at the world from new angles. Here was a man, neither bitter nor cynical, who laughed at the city-dwellers and called them lunatics; a man who did not care for money, and in whom the lust for power had long since died.

It was not until ten o'clock that Daylight parted from Ferguson. As he rode along through the starlight, the idea came to him of buying the ranch on the other side of the valley. There was no thought in his mind of ever intending to live on it. His game was in San Francisco. But he liked the ranch, and as soon as he got back to the office he would open up negotiations with Hillard.

The time passed, and he played on at the game. San Francisco's attitude toward Daylight had undergone a change. While he, with his slashing buccaner methods, was a distinct menace to the more orthodox financial gamblers, he was nevertheless so grave a menace that they were glad enough to let him alone. He had already taught them the excellence of letting a sleeping dog lie.

Deke Mason was still in the office. He had made no more overtures, discussed no more books. He had no active interest in her, and she was to him a pleasant memory of what had never happened, a joy, which, by his essential nature, he was barred from ever knowing. Yet, while his interest had gone to sleep and his energy was consumed in the endless battles he waged, he knew every trick of the light on her hair, every quick definite mannerism of movement, every line of her figure as expounded by her tailor-made gowns. Several times, six months or so apart, he had increased her salary, until now she was receiving ninety dollars a month. Beyond this he dared not go, though he got around it by making the work easier. This he had accomplished after her return from a vacation, by retaining her substitute as an assistant. Also, he had changed his office suite, so that now the two girls had a room by themselves. The more he saw of her, and the more he thought he knew of her, the more unapproachable did she seem to him. But since he had no intention of approaching her, this was anything but an unsatisfactory fact. He was glad he had her in his office, and hoped she'd stay, and that was about all.

Daylight did not improve with the passing years. "The life was not good for him. He was growing stout and soft, and there was unwonted flabbiness in his muscles. The more he drank cocktails, the more he was compelled to drink in order to get the desired result, the inhibitions that eased him down from the concert pitch of his operations. And with this went wine, too, at meals, and the long drinks after dinner of Scotch and soda at the Riverside. Then, too, his body suffered from lack of exercise; and, from lack of decent human associations, his moral fibers were weakened. Never a man to hide anything, some of his escapades became public, such as speeding, and of joy-rides in his big red motor car down to San Jose with companions distinctly sporty—incidents that were narrated as good fun and comically in the newspapers.

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ANNOUNCEMENTS.

We are authorized to announce G. V. LYKINS, of Grassy Creek, as a candidate for the Democratic nomination for the office of County Judge of Morgan County.

We are authorized to announce ALEX WHITTAKER, of Caney, as a candidate for the nomination for County Judge of Morgan county, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce FRANK KENNAIRD, of Logville, as a candidate for the nomination for County Attorney of Morgan county, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce H. M. DAVIS, of West Liberty, as a candidate for the nomination for County Clerk of Morgan county, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce REN F. NICKELL, of West Liberty, as a candidate for Clerk of the Morgan County Court, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce JAMES W. DAVIS, of Escl, as a candidate for the nomination for Superintendent of Schools of Morgan county, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce C. E. CLARK, of Maytown, as a candidate for the nomination for Superintendent of Schools of Morgan county, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce L. A. LYKINS, of Index, as a candidate for the nomination for Sheriff of Morgan county, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce SAM R. LYKINS, of Caney, as a candidate for the Democratic nomination for Sheriff of Morgan county.

We are authorized to announce W. W. MCCLURE, of West Liberty, as a candidate for the nomination for Sheriff of Morgan county, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce E. J. WEBB, of Blair's Mill, as a candidate for the nomination for Sheriff of Morgan county, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce J. H. ROE, of Grassy Creek, as a candidate for the nomination for Sheriff of Morgan county, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce GEO. W. STACY, of Grassy Creek, as a candidate for the nomination for Sheriff of Morgan county, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce JOHN PATRICK (Assessor John), of Grassy Creek, as a candidate for the nomination for Assessor of Morgan county, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce REV. W. H. LINDON, of Insko, as a candidate for the nomination for Assessor of Morgan county, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce S. S. OLDFIELD, of Index, as a candidate for the nomination for County Court Clerk, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce LEE BARKER, of Malone, as a candidate for the nomination for County Court Clerk, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce T. N. BARKER, of West Liberty, as a candidate for the nomination for Superintendent of Schools of Morgan county subject to the action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce Coal Tract for Sale.

We have a 600 acre tract of coal land in Breathitt county, situated on the O. & K. R. R., that we will sell at a very low figure, if taken soon. We will sell in fee for less than the usual mineral right price. See us and get this bargain.

COTTLE & HOVERMALE.

THE KENTUCKY MOUNTAINEER

A Republic Weekly, Published at Salyersville, Ky.

Gives the News

From all parts of the country

\$1.00 a year. 10c a month.

S. S. ELAM, Owner and Editor.

John McMann's Hack Line

WEST LIBERTY—INDEX

Meets All Trains. Good covered and open conveyances for public hire.

Telephone No. 10 Local and Long Distance.

OFFICIAL DIRECTORY.

Circuit Court: On Fourth Monday in June, and Third Monday in March and November.

J. B. Hannah, Judge; John M. Waugh, Commonwealth Attorney; R. M. Oakley, Clerk; G. W. Phillips, Trustee of Jury Fund; S. R. Collier, Master Commissioner; J. D. Lykins, Deputy Master Commissioner.

County Court: On Second Monday in each month.

Quarterly Court: On Tuesday after Second Monday in each month.

Fiscal Court: On Wednesday after Fourth Monday in April and October.

Farmer's Corner.

Reading Matter.

As the evenings lengthen, the mind will turn to the supply of reading, either now on hand, or to be ordered. Magazines and newspapers are now so cheap that there may be quite a variety for a small sum. See that you get something of value and of interest. Many magazines are reprehensible because of the nature of the literature presented. There are many others that give the best of fiction, not only of the kind that elevates one's tastes, but also that teaches a lesson in a pleasing manner. Try to keep up with the most important of the current events, and take interest in the world in which you live. If you have access to a good library, you can feed your mentality on the best of food, and there is absolutely no excuse for ignorance of the most interesting events. "Schooling" is good, but education is better, and one can become educated, though he knows little of schools. Decide to put your spare moments to advantage the coming winter. Why not a neighborhood reading class?

Meat Substitute.

On account of the excess of nitrogenous elements in their composition, the ripened seeds of the legumes are among the best substitutes for animal foods, and for use with foods in which starch or other non-nitrogenous elements predominate. Legumes are particularly valuable as strength-producers, and are deserving of a more general use than is given them. When using dried peas, beans, or lentils, soak over night in cold water, then, in the morning pour off the water and cover again with hot water—as a general rule, two quarts of soft water is sufficient for one pint of the seeds. They should be kept boiling moderately all the time, as such things should not simmer until nearly done. Salt should not be added until the contents of the kettle are nearly done. If the food is liked very dry, it can be cooked down, but care must be taken not to scorch. As the seeds become soft, the boiling should be diminished. Do not stir at any time. If the kettle is perfectly clean and smooth—as it should be—let cook from the beginning without putting a spoon in it. It will not burn; but if stirred the contents will scorch.

For baked beans, the seeds should be cooked until they are tender, but not mushy; then, having been allowed to boil nearly dry, they should be lifted into a baking pan, with enough of the boil water to cool them done; strips of nice salt fat pork should be pushed down among the beans in half a dozen places, then the pan put into the oven, and left to cook moderately until well done and well seasoned by the pork strips. This is one of the most commonly liked dishes we know of, and for a cold day dinner, nothing is more liked than a panful of hot, well cooked and well seasoned beans. They are just as good cold. As the cool weather approaches, necessitating a fire for some hours morning and evening, the fire should be taken advantage of and such dishes prepared for the meals when the day is warmed up.—Commoner.

Try a drink of Lykins' delicious ice cream. Keeton has just received a new supply of Stationery and School Supplies.

Trade with our advertisers: they will give you better bargains and better treatment than the non-advertising merchant.

You'll not go away hot and perspiring if you drink at Lykins' soda fountain. 117.

CHIL-LAX
For Chills & Fever.

Go to Keeton's for fresh cakes, either package or bulk.

USE THE COLUMNS OF THE COURIER TO TELL THE PEOPLE WHAT YOU HAVE TO SELL.

Keeton carries the most complete line of Groceries in town.

Go to Denny Lykins for any thing you want when hungry or thirsty. 117.

Read our clubbing offer with the COMMONER in this number, be wise and take advantage of it.

CORRESPONDENCE

NOTICE. Obituaries, Resolutions of Respect, and matters not of a purely news nature are charged for at 5 cents a line, six words per line, the money to accompany the article. Send us the news of your neighborhood, concisely written, but articles for which we have a fixed charge must be accompanied by the cash.

GRASSY.

The county Labor Union at Goodwins Chapel Saturday, was largely attended by the farmers and citizens generally. The Ladies prepared a splendid repast, of which all that desired were partakers.

Dr. B. F. McClure, of Bourbon County, is visiting friends and relatives in Morgan at this writing. The Doctor is a welcome visitor among his old friends.

W. M. Henry and wife, of Nannie, are visiting their sick daughter, Mrs. J. D. Henry.

The writer of this sketch grew two pumpkin vines, one 6 and the other 6 1/2 in. in circumference. For further proof come and see.

Ed. Watson, of Caney, the dentist is doing quite a lot of work at Goodwins Chapel.

W. M. Gevedon, of this place, who recently took his daughter to Lexington to an eye specialist to have her eyes treated has returned.

FAIR PLAY.

J. W. Copeland, of Dayton, Ohio, purchased a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy for his boy who had a cold, and before the bottle was all used the boy's cold was gone. Is that not better than to pay a five dollar doctor's bill? For sale by all dealers.

EZEL

Mrs. J. J. McGuire is on the sick list.

Miss Emma Sample is on the sick list.

Mason Malary and wife has moved to town.

Willie Kash is purchasing goods for the new store.

Glen Nickell has returned home from Ohio where he has been working.

Mrs. Ben Creekburn, of Moscow, O., is visiting relatives at this place.

Elie McGuire left this place for below to work.

Walton & Fannin have moved their stove mill over on Grassy.

Dr. Asa Nickell is much better than he has been.

OLD RELIABLE.

Here is a woman who speaks from personal knowledge and long experience, viz., Mrs. H. P. Eagan, of Wilson, Pa., who says, "I know from experience that Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is far superior to any other. For cough there is nothing that exceeds it." For sale by all dealers.

State of Ohio city of Toledo, ss.

Lucas County
Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the city of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

(Seal) A. W. GLEASON,
Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials free.

Address: F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, Ohio.

Sold by all druggists, 75c.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Reading for every member of the family in our great "five paper" clubbing offer.

Sick headache is caused by a disordered stomach. Take Chamberlain's Tablets and correct that and the headaches will disappear. For sale by all dealers.

Everybody goes to Keeton's for ice cream and soft drinks. Special attention is given to this line.

When you have a bad cold you want the best medicine obtainable so as to cure it with as little delay as possible. Here is a druggist's opinion: "I have sold Chamberlain's Cough Remedy for fifteen years," says Enos Lollar of Saratoga, Ind., "and consider it the best on the market." For sale by all dealers.

Candidate's cards printed at this office while you wait. 120 9t.

Go to Keeton's for Cheese Sandwiches.

We are ready for your job. You are next.

Spend Sundays

AT BEAUTIFUL

Highland Park

Kool,

Kosy,

Komfortable.

Games and amusements for old and young. Plenty to satisfy the inner man.

108t J. F. STEELE, Mgt.

JUDGE ANDREW J. KIRK, FOR APPELLATE JUDGE A MOUNTAIN MAN



JUDGE ANDREW J. KIRK.

All Parties Are For Judge Kirk

SO SAY WE ALL OF US.

(Lexington Leader)

THE Louisville Evening Post offers a suggestion which the Leader gladly endorses. It is that all parties unite in supporting Circuit Judge A. J. Kirk for the vacancy on the Court of Appeals bench caused by the resignation of Judge E. C. O'Rear which was filled temporarily by the appointment of Mr. Robert H. Winn by Governor Willson. Judge Kirk is an ideal selection and is sure of the nomination and election no matter what happens in Kentucky or the Nation, but his indorsement by all parties would have a great effect. The Post says on this subject:

"The retirement of other candidates makes certain the nomination of the Republican party of Judge Andrew J. Kirk of Johnson county, for the vacancy upon the Kentucky Court of Appeals bench to be caused by the retirement of Judge R. H. Winn in November. Mr. Kirk is now Circuit Judge, and one of the best in Kentucky. The district is so overwhelmingly Republican that even in this year of certain Republican disaster the Republican nominee should win easily. Moreover, Judge Kirk is of the material out of which Appellate Judges should be made. The Democratic party will do a graceful act in not contesting the election, and Wilson, Taft and Roosevelt men can unite in the promotion of this Judge."

"So say we all of us." We believe the Leader and Post express the sentiment of practically the entire district and that the suggestions offered will be acted upon by the voters of the district.—Paintsville Herald.

Morehead & North Fork Railroad. MOREHEAD DIVISION.

South Bound.				Time Table No. 8.		North Bound.			
1	5	9	STATIONS		4	8	12		
Lv. Daily	Lv. Daily	Lv. Sun- ex Sund'y			Arr. Daily	Arr. Daily	Arr. Sun- ex Sund'y		
8:20 a.m.	8:15 p.m.	8:30 a.m.	Morehead		11:57 a.m.	8:20 p.m.	12:30 p.m.		
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